

## **No Tears for the Creatures of the Night by CeruleanHeart**

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**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Vampire, Alternate Universe - Werewolf, Banter, Clubbing, Come Swallowing, Dom/sub Undertones, Face-Fucking, I don't know what else to tag this, M/M, Public Blow Jobs, Rough Kissing, Vampire!Steve, Werewolf!Billy, come find out by yourself I guess, fistfights, it's weird and filthy and a little bit violent

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**Summary:**

The night is a time for lonely hunters. So when Billy and Steve meet in a club, one driven by his craving for flesh, the other by his thirst for life, they inevitably clash.

But a violent encounter quickly turns into a violent hook-up when they realize they can perfectly satisfy each other's needs.

OR: Two lost souls meet in a club and things escalate in interesting ways.

# No Tears for the Creatures of the Night

## Author's Note:

I really just started this to have an excuse to use that title. There's nothing I can say in my defense.

Title taken from the song "No tears" by Tuxedomoon.

The air inside the basement club was heavy with the smell of concrete, sweat and lust and when Billy breathed in through his mouth it tasted just like the inside of two hundred stranger's lungs.

A heavy bass thrummed between the water stained walls, rattling his bones, the pounding rhythm of the violent tunes throwing punches at his chest, fit to replace a heartbeat.

The place was packed. Billy let his gaze wander over the writhing silhouettes on the dancefloor, the people clustered around the bar and shadows hovering in the corners clasping their drinks. All of them crammed together, touching, bumping, brushing by yet each of them caught up in their own world engulfed in an endless cacophony of darkness, light and sound.

Every other night it would have been tempting and so very easy to simply take a swan dive into sensory overload, loose himself and become one with the swaying body of the crowd, that moved in erratic unison like a swarm of fish.

But not tonight. Tonight the wolf inside Billy was howling with an insatiable nocturnal hunger that made his blood boil and cock throb. Tonight he was on the hunt.

He moved between the dancers, sweat and condensed breath forming beads on the naked skin of his torso, shining in the rainbow colors of the flickering lights.

Every motion of his body was lithe but controlled, hard muscles working under smooth, golden skin. Every single of his senses was ablaze, burning with the desire to find that perfect piece of prey, that

one delicious creature meant for Billy and his sharp, long teeth.

He was, perfectly unashamed, a picky eater. Only the softest most savory boy or the sweetest succulent body of a beautiful girl would do.

The people stirred as he worked his way through them and around him the crowd parted with the ancient instinct of cattle that sensed the presence of a predator. He savoured the smell of their unconscious fear with sheer delight and watched as their reason, trained to dismiss the ancient dangers of the night brought them close to him again.

Billy took them all in, letting his sensitive nose do the work to sniff out tastiest piece of meat. For a short time he revelled in the cloud of pheromones around him, screaming colors of lust and sex up his olfactory nerve and right into his brain. It was better than any drug and Billy felt his mouth water with anticipation.

There were hands touching him, bodies grinding against his just as hungry and eager as he was. He moved with them, fell into the same ecstatic rhythm tasting sweat off strangers' necks and gripping soft flesh, bruising it hard, a playful foretaste of what his teeth would feel like when'd sink them in and tear at it. He was about to whisper into the ear of a beautiful redhead, to lure her away from the safety of the herd, when suddenly a familiar scent drifted by, brushing his conscience like the wings of a pale moth.

The fragrance was a complex composition of ozone, parchment, caked blood, dried flowers, candle wax and rotting silk. The smell of crypts and very old death. Vampire smell.

Fuck.

He felt the hair on the back of his neck bristle and his canines and claws extend with irritation when he snapped his head up, starting to scan the crowd with perfect night vision. The redhead in his arms was forgotten momentarily.

The club was on neutral turf but if anything a werewolf like Billy was territorial and he did not like the idea that one of the undead fuckers

was prowling around his hunting ground, messing with his goddamn food.

It was hard to miss the vampire, really, once Billy knew he was there. He truly stood out. Tall and slender with ivory skin, cherub lips and dark mesmerizing doe eyes to match, his soft features ageless, he gleamed with an otherworldly beauty, the way all bloodsuckers did. But it wasn't his good looks that truly gave him away or his style, that wardrobe that spoke of impeccable taste surely cultivated over the turn of centuries.

It was in the way he stood completely still, stiller than any living creature could, frozen somehow and wrapped in the solemn air of the truly solitary. It was in the way his eyes flashed golden for a second, reflecting a stray ray of light, as he finally did move and turned his head to meet Billy's gaze without fear. It was in the complete lack of emotion as his lips twisted into a smile that had absolutely nothing human to it. It was the true smile of a creature of the night, a creature just like Billy.

What truly riled him up, though, was that Billy knew that even without his heightened senses, even without him being a wolf hiding underneath the thin cloak of a man's skin, the tall young man would've caught his eye eventually. He was simply that gorgeous. Which was exactly the reason why Billy fucking hated vampires. They were the absolute worst, walking corpses with the allure of a fallen angel, almost impossible to resist.

Some real fucked up shit, if you asked him.

They stared at each other for a while with seething animosity, parted by the stream of the dancers moving between them like a tumid river of bodies. Billy kept his face and his gaze hard, his chin raised his body tense and imposing, chest swollen, jaw and fists clenching. His teeth were throbbing in his skull with anger and want and raw hunger but the vampire didn't back off, only licked his lips slowly and lasciviously in both a challenge and a threat.

For a moment it seemed like they were going to stand here all night, locked in their stare but then Billy had to blink and the next moment, the vampire turned away to follow a skinny brown haired girl. They

disappeared among the crowd within a heartbeat.

And that could have been it. Billy could have gone back to wooing his dinner but something about the demeanour of the bloodsucker rubbed him the wrong way. These were Billy's hunting grounds, how dare he just turn his back on him and walk away. He was going to teach him not to make that mistake twice.

The vampire's scent was still heavy in the air and Billy followed it without trouble, through the club and out of the backdoor.

He found him again outside the exit in the narrow alleyway between two adjacent brick buildings, leaning over the brunette he had crowded against one of the walls, whispering softly. He didn't even look up, when he heard Billy coming, the arrogant little prick. God, he hated vampires.

Billy flicked his Zippo open and lit a cigarette. He took a deep drag and let the smoke fall from his lips to drift into the alley, let his presence fill the narrow space.

"Harrington, am I right?" he drawled after a few more seconds, the name slowly rolling off his tongue with a mix of distaste and interest. There was no use pretending he didn't know who the vampire was even though they'd never talked before. The undead community of Hawkins wasn't big enough for that and everyone had heard of Steve Harrington, who resided alone in a crumbling mansion just outside of town. "What are you doing here, amigo?"

Finally, Harrington had to acknowledge him, turn his head to look at Billy once more. Under the cold light of the buzzing, naked neon tube above him he was even paler, even more ethereal. His eyes had gone red with bloodlust and they glowed like a warning light.

"I could ask you the same thing, amigo." he snarled.

The girl seemed to wake from some sort of trance, when he broke eye contact with her. She shook her head in confusion and then looked at the two men, panic growing in her eyes. Billy grinned and showed her the full row of his razor sharp white teeth.

“Run.” he said in a nasty tone and the girl didn’t even hesitate to do so. She turned on her heels and sprinted out of the alleyway onto the open street.

“What was that for?” Harrington hissed when she was gone, baring his fangs at Billy.

“That was for stepping on my hunting grounds and picking up prey like it’s an all-you-can-eat buffet.”

Harrington visibly bristled at that, his face twisted in rage and he suddenly looked a lot less human.

“Hargrove, isn’t it?” he said his voice dripping venom “Let me warn you, boy. I’ve been hunting here for more than a century before you were even born.”

“Well you’re time’s up now, King Steve.” Billy mocked him using the nickname Harrington had earned due to the castle-like architecture of his mansion and the influence his family once had. “Crawl back into your grave.”

Steve stilled for a moment and a vicious smile split his face.

“Not with an empty stomach.” he said almost sweetly and then he moved.

Billy only had time to drop his cigarette, before the vampire was on him, going directly for his throat. His lips already grazed his pulse before the werewolf could block him and throw him off with a punch. Steve stumbled back and hit the ground but he was up again in a flash to retaliate.

Harrington had the slim body of a boy in his late teens but his strength almost matched Billy’s and he was way faster than the werewolf. He got two, three punches in before Billy managed to catch him mid-move and threw him into the wall with so much force it would have killed a human. He held him against the brick, a low growl emerging from somewhere deep down in his throat, letting his claws grow so they cut into the flesh of the vampire’s shoulders.

He struggled, almost managed to break free with his inhuman

strength and went for Billy's throat again. By the time he had Harrington wrestled back against the wall, his breath was coming hard and ragged. Billy could taste copper on his tongue and felt the fizzy excitement of adrenaline in his veins.

"Come on Hargrove!" Steve purred seemingly amused and snapped his teeth at him "You ruined my breakfast, let me have a taste."

"You can suck my dick if you want a taste of me." Billy growled and tightened his grip around the vampire's wrists.

"Can I?! "

"What?"

Billy was caught so off guard that he didn't notice Harrington's move until he was spun around and it was his turn to be hauled against the wall. Steve's lower arm pressed against his throat crushing his windpipe, cutting off his breath.

"Because that would be just as good." the vampire smiled and let his free hand travel down to cup Billy's dick. "And I see you're ready."

Billy had been hard all night and his cock pulsed underneath the weight of Harrington's fingers moving over the denim covering his crotch, gently kneading his balls.

"Fuck, you're serious!" he wheezed with disbelief.

"I'm hungry, Hargrove. And you gave me permission." He squeezed harder and Billy's cock gave a kick inside his pants, fattening up even more.

"Be a good boy." Steve cooed and let Billy go. "Let me suck you off."

With that, he sank down to his knees and worked the werewolf's fly open, not waiting for an answer. He didn't really need one anyway, not with how red and fat Billy's cock was, when he freed it, precum already beading the head.

"If I feel teeth just once, I'll paint the wall with your brain." Billy panted but the threat came out half-hearted at best and he could

barely stifle a moan, when Steve leaned in and gave his cockhead a little kitten lick.

“Don’t worry, I wouldn’t wanna spoil my meal.” the vampire grinned and curled his hand around Billy’s dick, giving him a light jerk to let a bit of precum pool on his tongue.

“Shit, look at you! So hungry for my dick.” Billy had to grip hard at the bricks behind him to keep from just ramming it into Harrington’s mouth.

“So hungry for your cum.” Steve corrected him and licked a broad stripe down his length.

Then, without any further ado he took all of Billy in one go, shoving his dick down his throat and swallowing around it. His mouth wasn’t as warm as a human’s would’ve been but less cold than Billy had expected and what he lacked in body heat he surely made up in enthusiasm and skill.

Billy’s head thumped back against the wall as he let out a small groan. He watched Harrington through half lidded eyes hollowing his cheeks as he slowly pulled back again and sucked with such vigour Billy thought he was trying to drink his brain through his dick. The vampire’s tongue pressed flatly against the underside of his cock, tracing the throbbing vein there.

“Fuck...” Billy rasped and carded his fingers through Steve’s silky, dark hair combing it out of his face so he could see him better. The boy’s long lashes fluttered at the touch and he looked up at Billy, his eyes so soft they made his blood sing.

Billy’s length was shining with spit while Steve’s lips stayed closed around the head. He suckled softly, changing the angle and swirling the tip of his tongue around his slit before sliding it between the foreskin and the swollen flesh, gently pushing it back until the helmet of Billy’s dick was freed. It bumped against the roof of Steve’s mouth, leaving a salty trail of pre-come there when he deep-throated him again.

And wasn’t that just the prettiest picture he had ever seen, Steve



Harrington gorging himself on Billy's dick, looking completely blissed out. His hands tightened in the vampire's hair and he pulled him forward, showing his hard flesh even further down just to see if Steve would gag on it. But he didn't instead he closed his eyes and hummed when Billy slowly started to fuck his mouth.

The sounds they made as he picked up the pace were obscene, the wet squelching of Steve's sucking and Billy's strangled moans echoing from the naked brick walls of the alleyway. It was probably the best blow job Billy had ever had. The heat of his impending orgasm started coiling in his belly and his balls tightened. He didn't warn Steve before he came, just pulled his hair harder, pushed in deeper until the head bumped the back of his throat.

Billy saw fucking white when his orgasm hit him, shooting his seed down the vampire's throat in hot spurts. And Steve? Steve didn't so much as swallow. He drank up his cum greedily, pulled back when Billy's fingers loosened in his hair to suck it from the tip, milking him dry with one hand, his Adam's apple bobbing with every gulp. When Billy was spent he pulled his mouth off with a wet pop only to push his tongue into the slit of the blunt cockhead chasing and lapping up everything to the very last drop.

When he was done he crumpled between Billy's legs sighing with satisfaction and looked up at him with a dopey expression, spit glistening on his chin.

By impulse Billy pulled him up and into his arms to look at his face and the vampire went willingly. Steve's hair was dishevelled, his lips big and puffy from sucking him off. He licked them with relish.

"So full of life, Hargrove." he slurred looking positively drunk.

"Shit, you really do love drinking cum, don't you?" Billy's voice came out far too raw, far to fucking wrecked to sound mocking.

"Mmhm...yeah. That was so good." Steve mumbled "You're delicious."

Billy watched in awe as a blush blossomed all over Steve's pale skin. It started on his lips, painting them bright red like a poppy flower opening its petals and then spread, tinting his cheeks a pretty pink

and lighting a fire in his eyes that chased the crimson from them and replaced it with a warm hazel. Under his hands, holding Steve's face the vampire's skin grew warm.

He gave Billy a blissful little smile and fluttered his lashes, his big doe eyes heavy lidded and his gaze lazy. He was gorgeous like that, flushed and alive his lips parted and ready to be devoured. Billy fought a hard battle with the urge to lean in and kiss him.

Instead he ran his thumb over his cheekbones and with a sigh Steve leaned into the touch of Billy's large, rough hand.

"Big boy, I wanna take you home." he whispered.

Billy licked his lips and cast an upward glance at the moon, it wasn't completely full yet so his powers hadn't reached their peak by now. In a fight Steve could probably take him, now that he was fed and revitalized.

It was a trap, it had to be. But damn if Steve wasn't pretty. So fucking irresistible, letting Billy forget about his hunger for human flesh. Making him hungry for something else. Fuck, he was *starving* for the boy in his arms.

Steve hummed as if he could read his mind.

"Don't hesitate too long, Hargrove. You've got about an hour to fuck me before I get cold again." he smiled and squeezed his hand around the werewolf's soft cock.

All that was left of Billy's resistance crumbled to dust then. He pulled Steve in and kissed him with a hungry growl, licking into his mouth, chasing his own taste there.

"Your place or mine?" he asked, when they finally broke apart both panting and flushed with want.

Steve smiled and pressed his lips against Billy's necks, slightly opening them just enough to let his fangs graze over the sensitive skin. He dragged them up slowly, leaving a wet trail and whispered,

"Mine."

## Author's Note:

I don't know what this is but it's been sitting in my drafts for months and I thought I might as well publish it. Initially this was planned to be a two-parter but I don't know if I'll manage to write the second half any time soon.

The idea that drinking cum has the same effect as drinking blood on vampires isn't new and it isn't mine but I can't remember where I saw it first.

Anyway, hope you liked it! Let me know what you think! ^^

For more writing, 80s aesthetics and occasional art, there's my [tumblr](#). Drop by and say hello if you're so inclined